DARK HORSE COMICS

HELLBOY

THE CHAINED COFFIN

THE BABA YAGA

MIKE MIGNOLA

HELLBOY

THE CHAINED COFFIN

Story and art
MIKE MIGNOLA

Colors
DAVE STEWART

Letters
PAT BROSSEAU

Editors
SCOTT ALLIE
BOB SCHRECK

THE BABA YAGA

Story and art
MIKE MIGNOLA

Colors
DAVE STEWART

Letters
PAT BROSSEAU

Editor
SCOTT ALLIE

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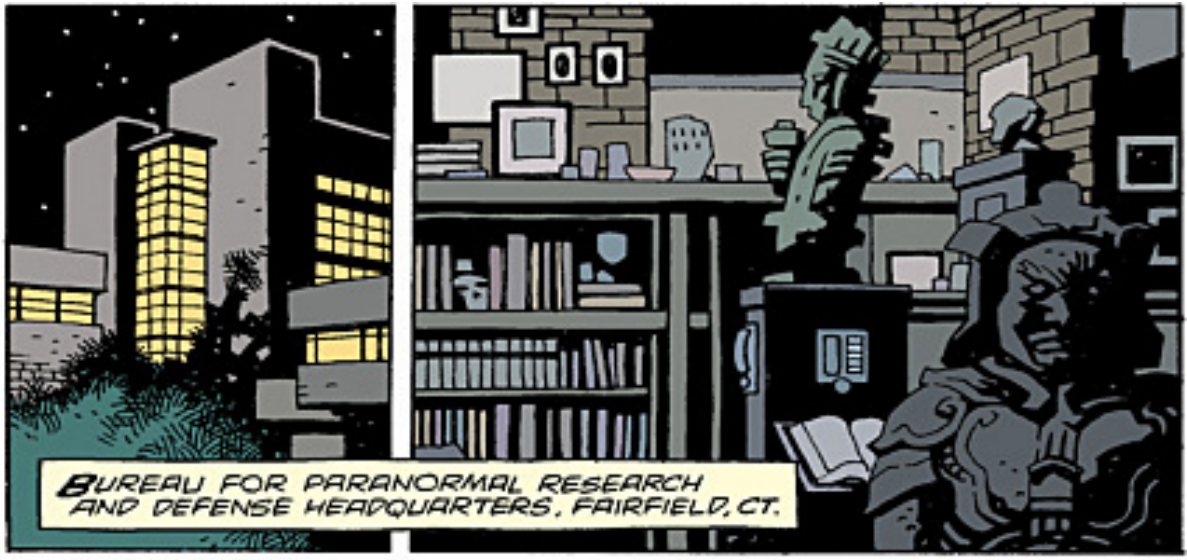
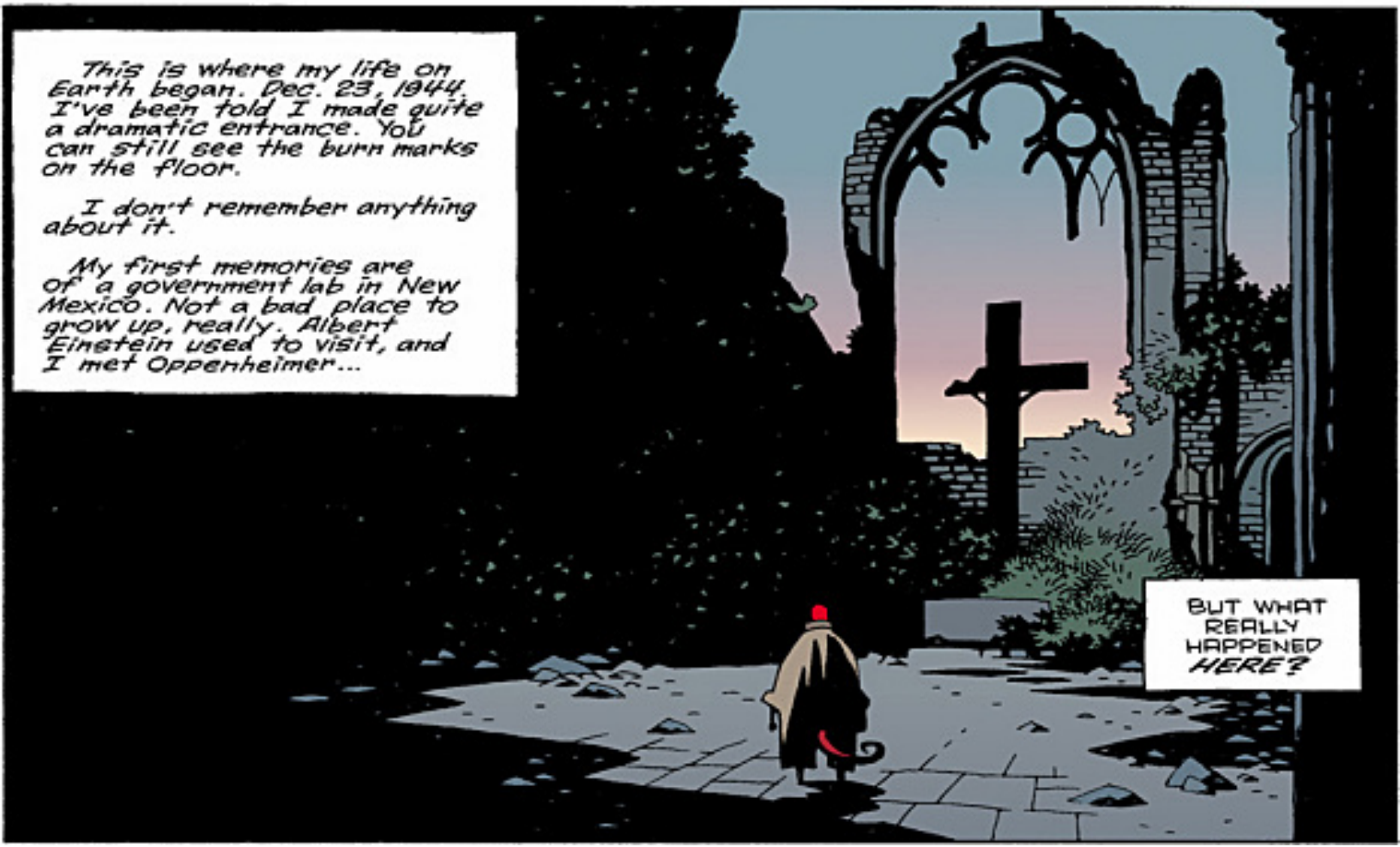
The Chained Coffin



BUREAU SPECIAL AGENT ABRAHAM SAPIEN.
ABRAHAM,
We've known each other a long time, and I guess you know my habits pretty well, so you won't be all that surprised to hear I'm in England again. I always come here to clear my head after particularly ugly cases.
What might surprise you is that right now I'm standing in the ruin of that church in East Bromwich. I've only been here once, and that was fifty years ago.


This is where my life on Earth began. Dec. 23, 1944. I've been told I made quite a dramatic entrance. You can still see the burn marks on the floor.
I don't remember anything about it.
My first memories are of a government lab in New Mexico. Not a bad place to grow up, really. Albert Einstein used to visit, and I met Oppenheimer...
BUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED HERE?

CYNTHIA EDEN-JONES, THE MEDIUM, WAS HERE THAT NIGHT. SHE WAS CONVINCED THAT MY APPEARANCE WAS *NOT* AN ACCIDENT, *NOT* THE RESULT OF A FAILED NAZI EXPERIMENT OR AN "EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL INTER-PHASE ANOMALY." NO. SHE FELT I WAS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO TWO SPIRITS SHE HAD CONTACTED EARLIER THAT EVENING -- A PRIEST AND A NUN. BOTH OF THEM ARE TRAPPED IN HERE.

I MET CYNTHIA IN '62, RIGHT BEFORE SHE DIED, AND SHE PLEADED WITH ME TO REOPEN THE INVESTIGATION INTO THIS PLACE...

I DIDN'T DO IT.

TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM SPENT NINE YEARS STUDYING THIS CHURCH AND NEVER FOUND ANYTHING. THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

I WASN'T EVEN CURIOUS.

OUR RECENT EXPERIENCE AT CAVENDISH HALL" MADE ME THINK THAT MAYBE I SHOULD GET CURIOUS.

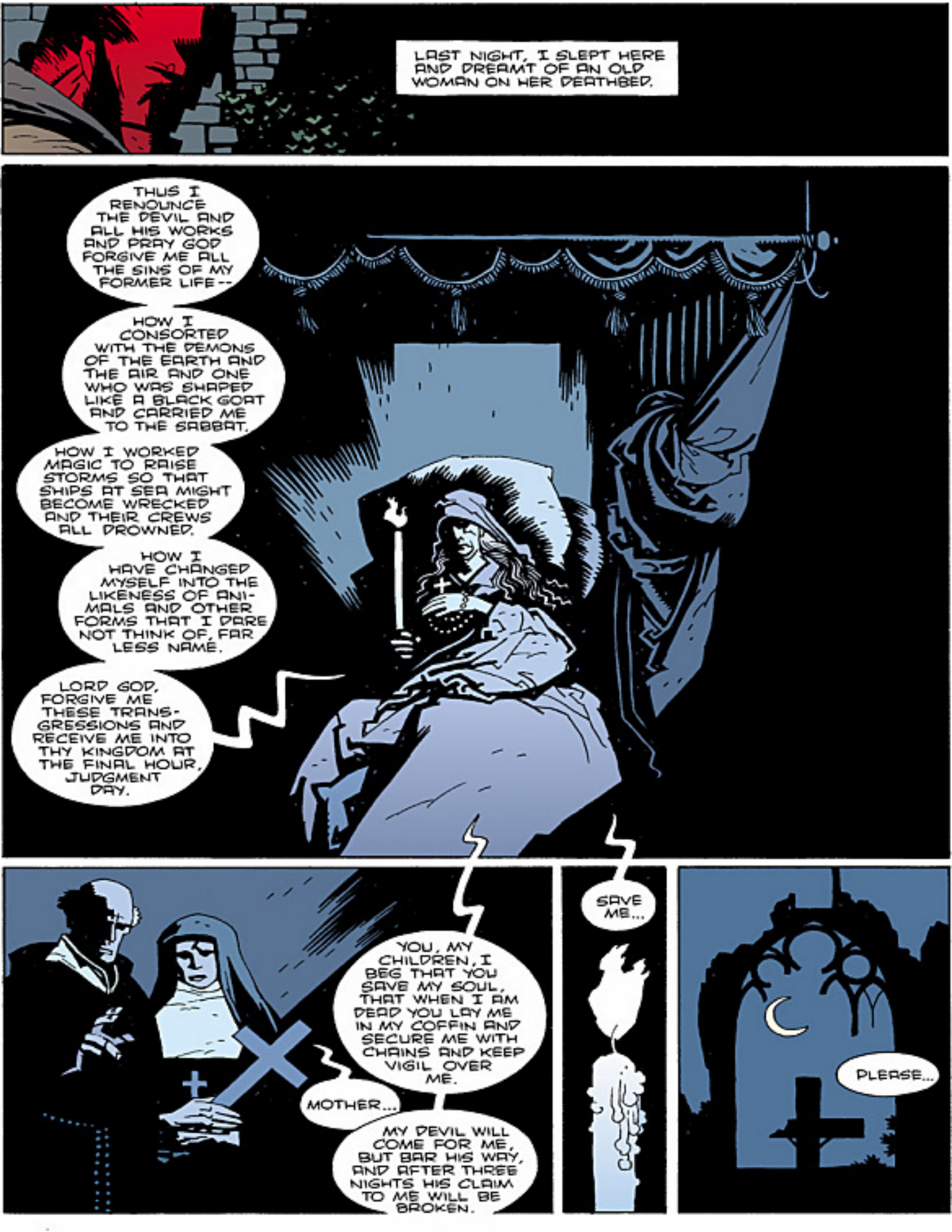
SO I'M HERE...

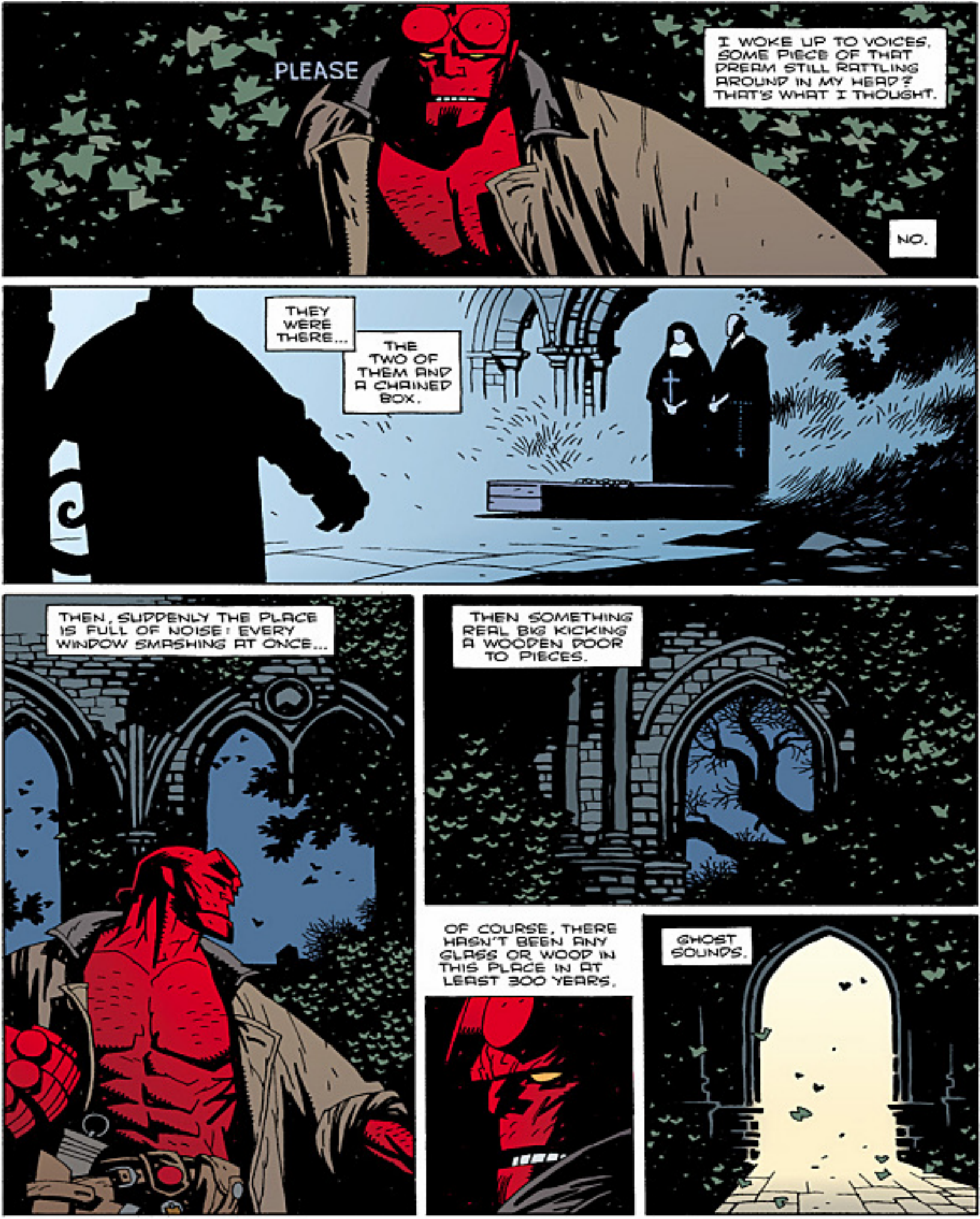
DO YOU DREAM, ABRAHAM?

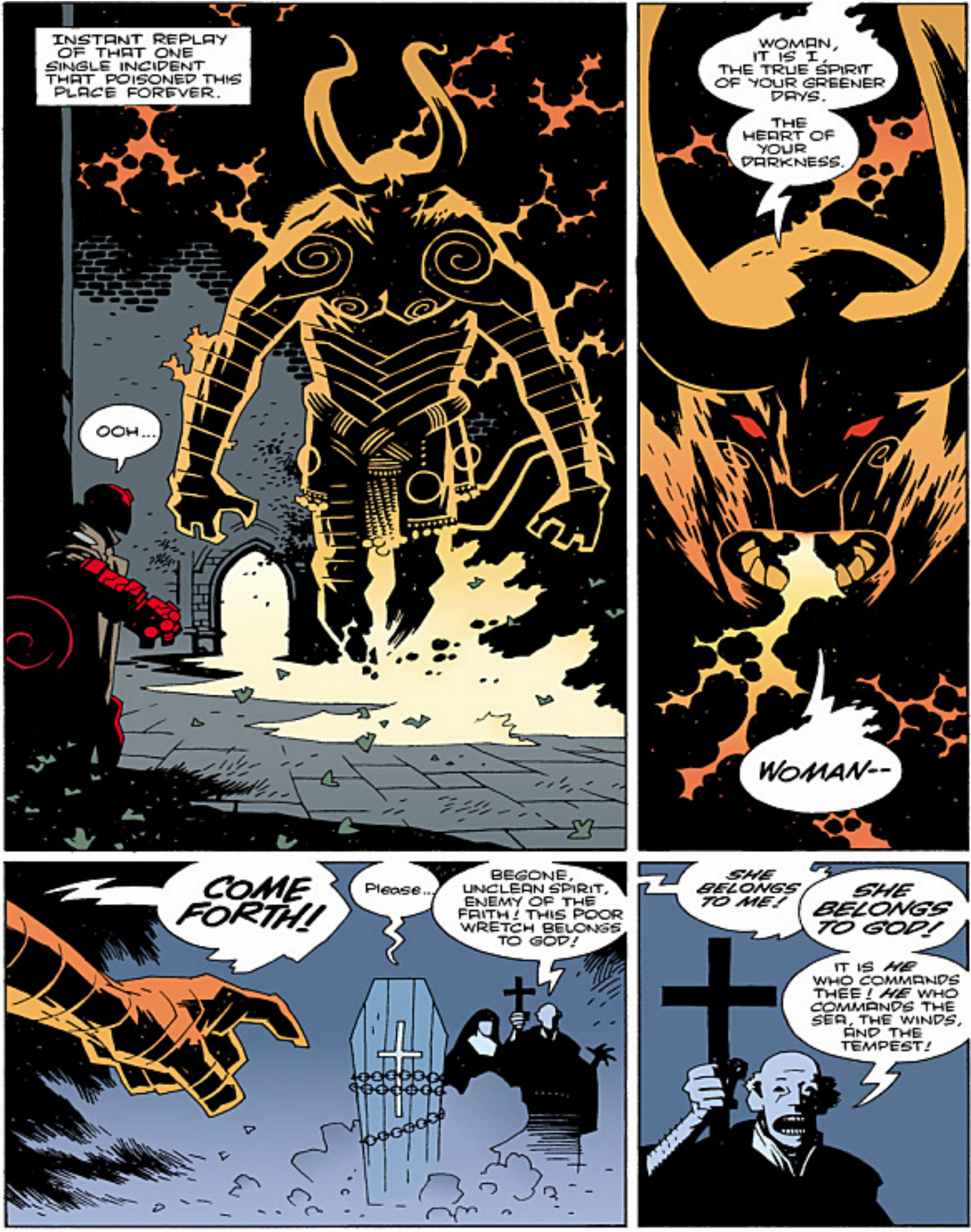
I DO.

HELL, I DREAM LIKE CRAZY.

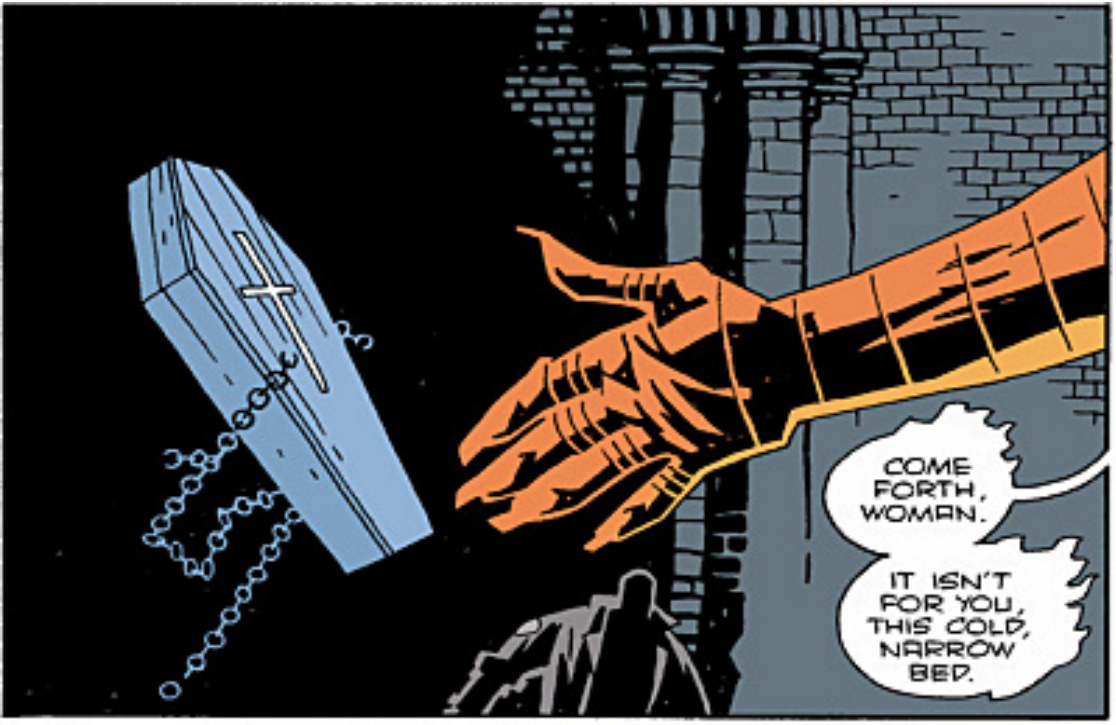
" HELLBOY: SEED OF DESTRUCTION


LAST NIGHT, I SLEPT HERE AND DREAMT OF AN OLD WOMAN ON HER DEATHBED.
THUS I RENOUNCE THE DEVIL AND ALL HIS WORKS AND PRAY GOD FORGIVE ME ALL THE SINS OF MY FORMER LIFE--
HOW I CONSORTED WITH THE DEMONS OF THE EARTH AND THE AIR AND ONE WHO WAS SHAPED LIKE A BLACK GOAT AND CARRIED ME TO THE SABBAT.
HOW I WORKED MAGIC TO RAISE STORMS SO THAT SHIPS AT SEA MIGHT BECOME WRECKED AND THEIR CREWS ALL DROWNED.
HOW I HAVE CHANGED MYSELF INTO THE LIKENESS OF ANIMALS AND OTHER FORMS THAT I DARE NOT THINK OF, FAR LESS NAME.
LORD GOD, FORGIVE ME THESE TRANSGRESSIONS AND RECEIVE ME INTO THY KINGDOM AT THE FINAL HOUR, JUDGMENT DAY.
YOU, MY CHILDREN, I BEG THAT YOU SAVE MY SOUL, THAT WHEN I AM DEAD YOU LAY ME IN MY COFFIN AND SECURE ME WITH CHAINS AND KEEP VIGIL OVER ME.
MOTHER...
MY DEVIL WILL COME FOR ME, BUT BAR HIS WAY, AND AFTER THREE NIGHTS HIS CLAIM TO ME WILL BE BROKEN.
SAVE ME...
PLEASE...


PLEASE
I WOKE UP TO VOICES. SOME PIECE OF THAT DREAM STILL RATTLING AROUND IN MY HEAD? THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
NO.
THEY WERE THERE...
THE TWO OF THEM AND A CHAINED BOX.
THEN, SUDDENLY THE PLACE IS FULL OF NOISE! EVERY WINDOW SMASHING AT ONCE...
THEN SOMETHING REAL BIG KICKING A WOODEN DOOR TO PIECES.
OF COURSE, THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY GLASS OR WOOD IN THIS PLACE IN AT LEAST 300 YEARS.
GHOST SOUNDS.


INSTANT REPLAY OF THAT ONE SINGLE INCIDENT THAT POISONED THIS PLACE FOREVER.
OOH...
WOMAN, IT IS I, THE TRUE SPIRIT OF YOUR GREENER DAYS.
THE HEART OF YOUR DARKNESS.
WOMAN--
COME FORTH!
Please...
BEGONE, UNCLEAN SPIRIT, ENEMY OF THE FAITH! THIS POOR WRETCH BELONGS TO GOD!
SHE BELONGS TO ME!
SHE BELONGS TO GOD!
IT IS HE WHO COMMANDS THEE! HE WHO COMMANDS THE SEA, THE WINDS, AND THE TEMPEST!

WOMAN, YOU ARE MINE. COME FORTH!
YOU STRUCK YOUR OWN NAME OUT OF THE BOOK OF LIFE.
YOU TURNED YOUR BACK ON THE LIGHT OF DAY TO WALK IN SHADOWS WITH ME.
PLEASE, MERCY.
IF HE WILL FORGIVE ME, LET ME GO TO GOD.
GOD!?
WAS I NOT GOD IN OLD BABYLON?
WAS I NOT GOD TO THE WOMEN OF EAST BROMWICH, LANCASHIRE, AND FAVERSHAM?
LIAR!
TREMBLE AND FLEE AT THE INVOCATION OF HIS NAME, THE IMMACULATE LAMB, WHO TROD UPON THE ASP AND BASILISK, WHO TRAMPLED THE LION AND THE DRAGON...
GOD SET A NAIL INTO THY SKULL AND POUND IT WITH A HAMMER AS JAEL DID UNTO SISERA...
ENOUGH!
THE WORD MADE FLESH COMMANDS THEE...
GUAAA.

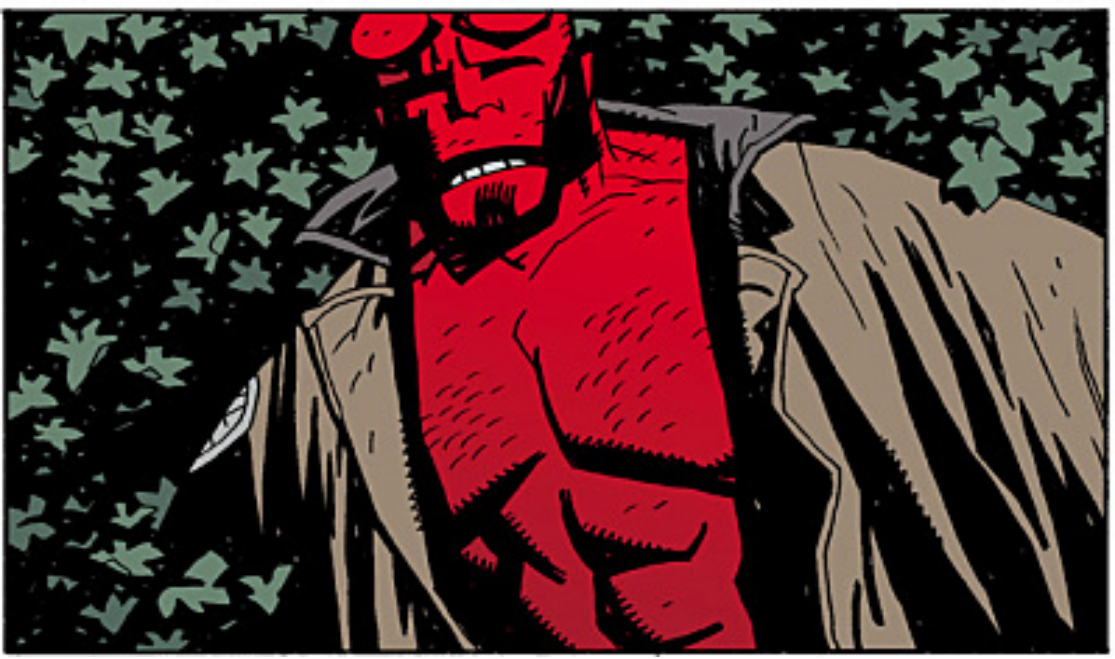

COME FORTH, WOMAN.
IT ISN'T FOR YOU, THIS COLD, NARROW BED.

I REMEMBER A GIRL OF SIXTEEN YEARS WHO WAS WILD AND ALIVE, WHO KISSED ME AND HUNG ABOUT MY NECK. I CARRIED HER ON MY BACK AND WOULD HAVE HUNG THE STARS IN HER HAIR...

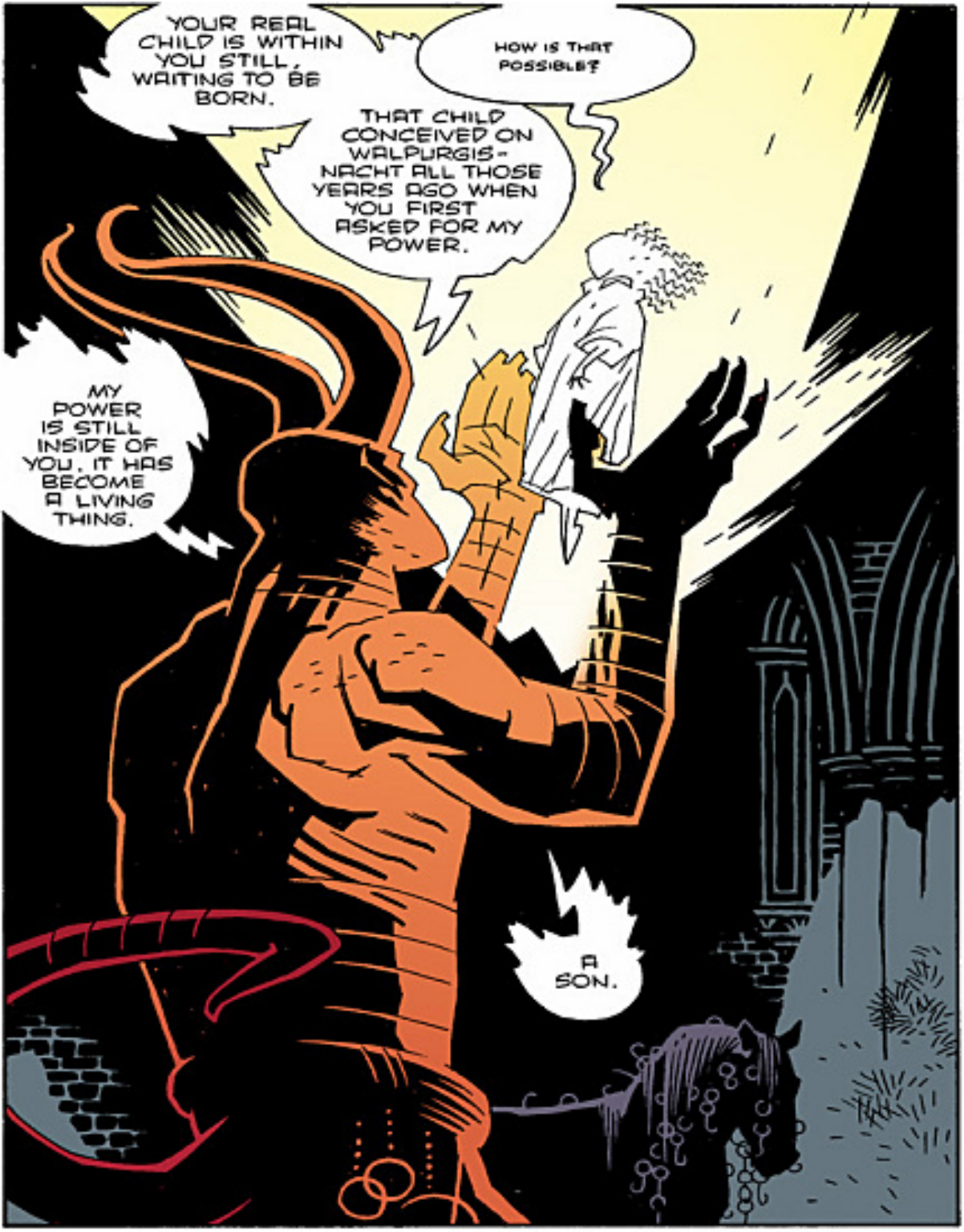
MY LORD...

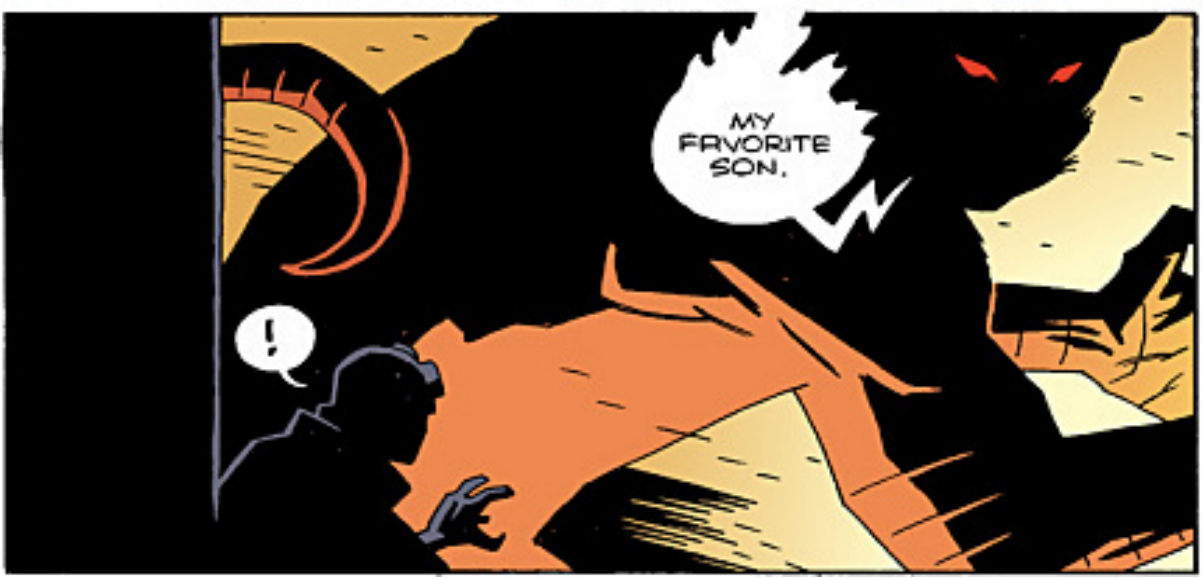
SAY YOU BELIEVE IN ME.
CAN YOU MAKE ME THAT GIRL AGAIN?
YOU ARE ALWAYS THAT GIRL TO ME.

THEN I BELIEVE IN YOU... ONLY--
YOU'VE SLAUGHTERED MY CHILDREN...
FORGET THEM.
THEY'RE NOTHING...

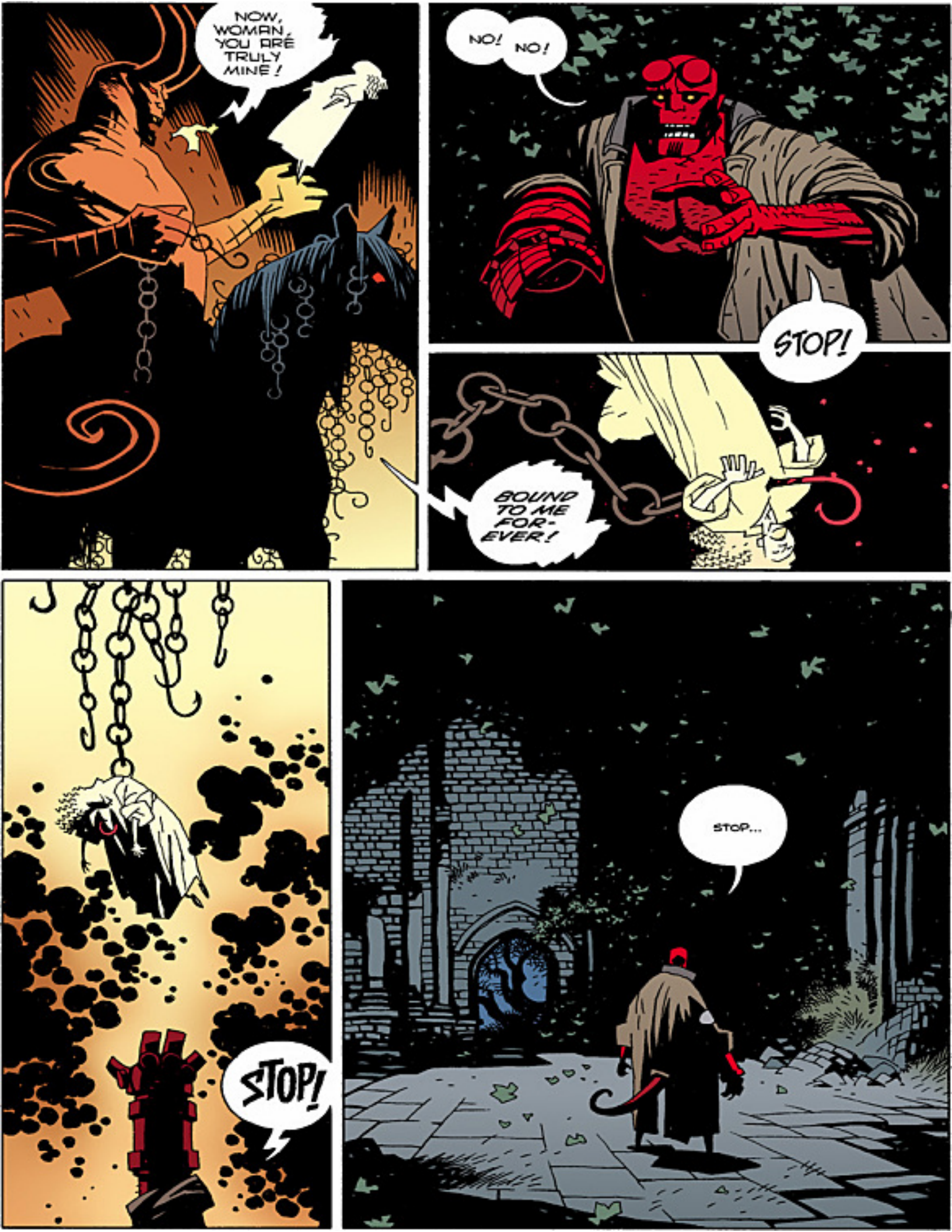


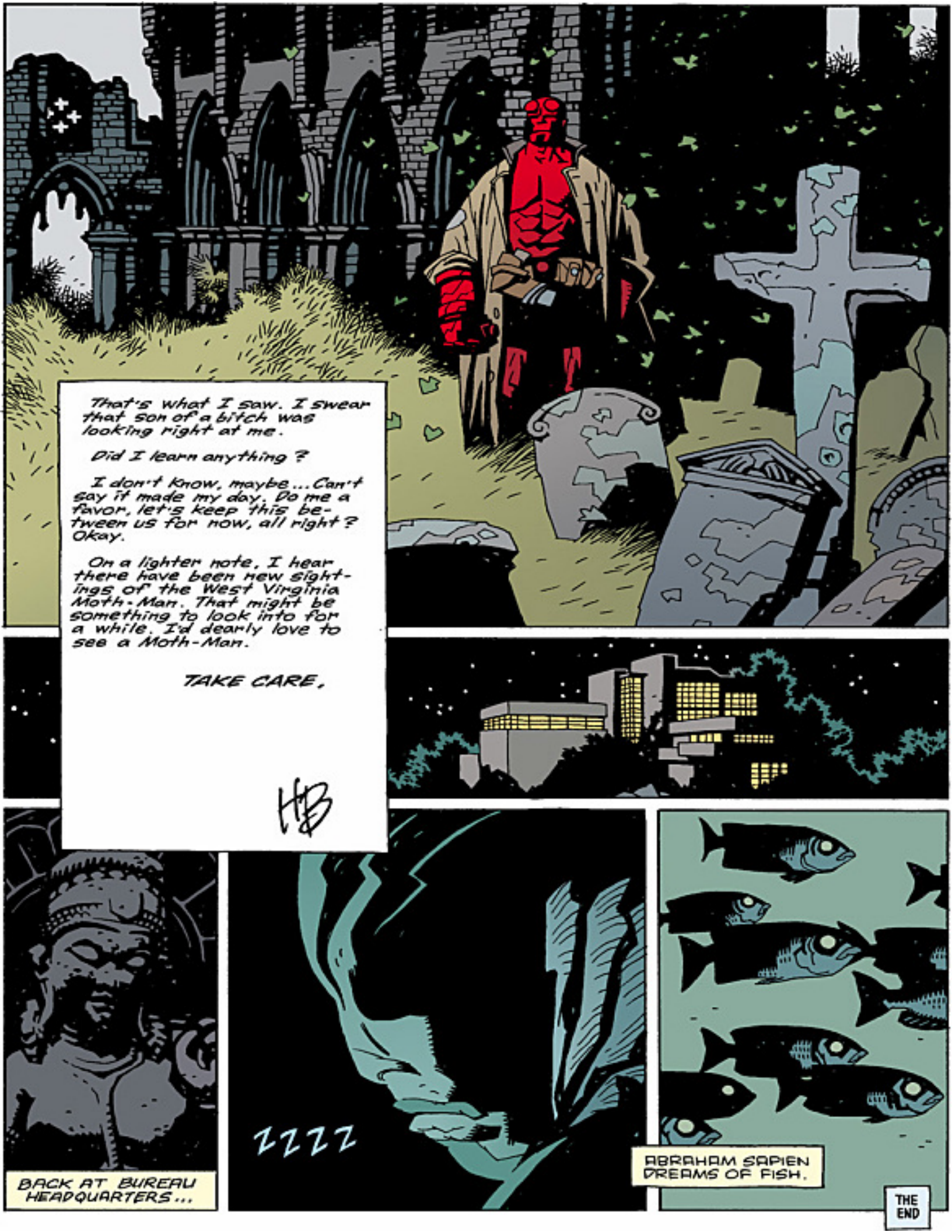
ASHES.
DUST.
WHO CARES?


YOUR REAL CHILD IS WITHIN YOU STILL, WAITING TO BE BORN.
HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?
THAT CHILD CONCEIVED ON WALPURGIS-NACHT ALL THOSE YEARS AGO WHEN YOU FIRST ASKED FOR MY POWER.
MY POWER IS STILL INSIDE OF YOU. IT HAS BECOME A LIVING THING.
A SON.

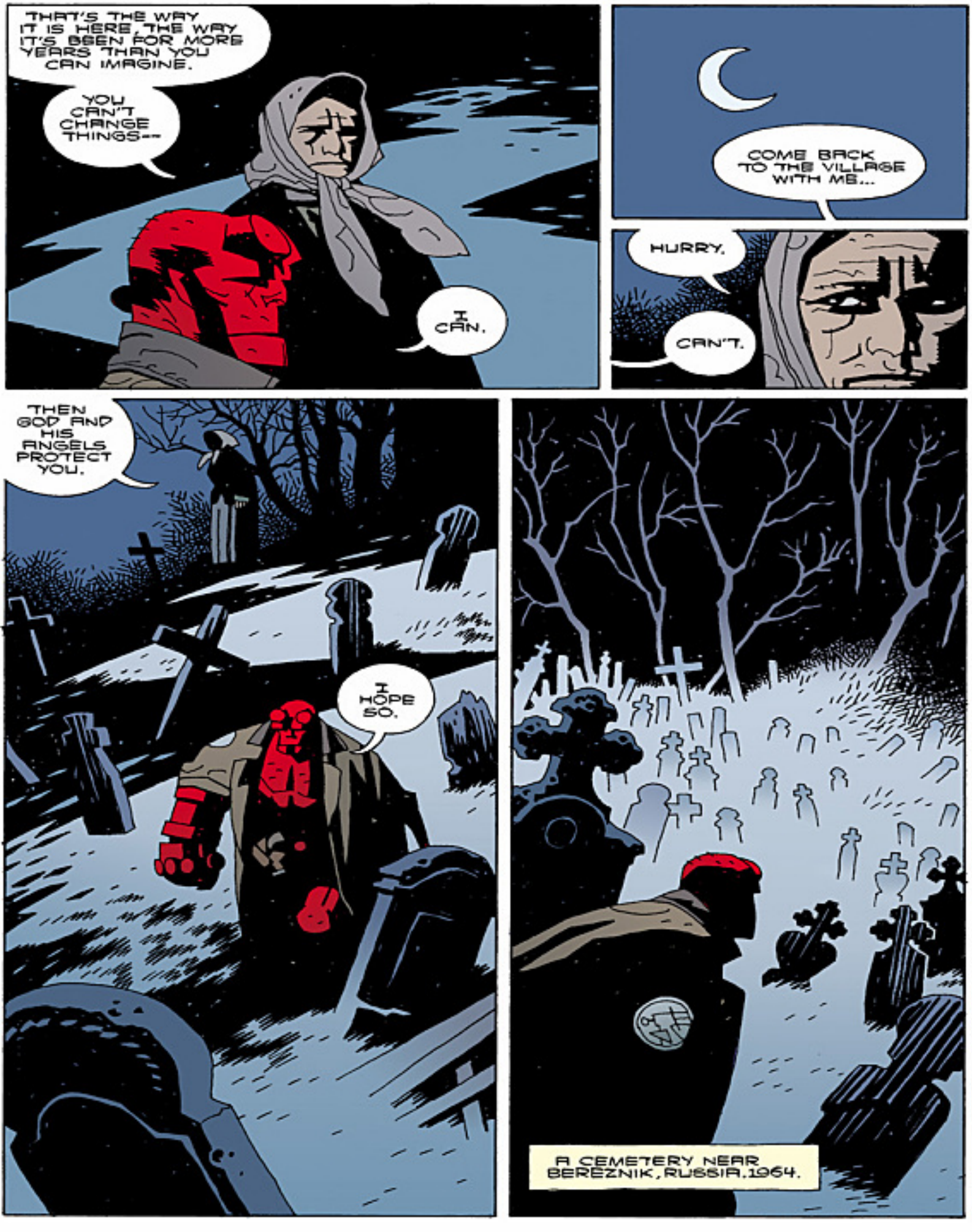

MY FAVORITE SON.
!

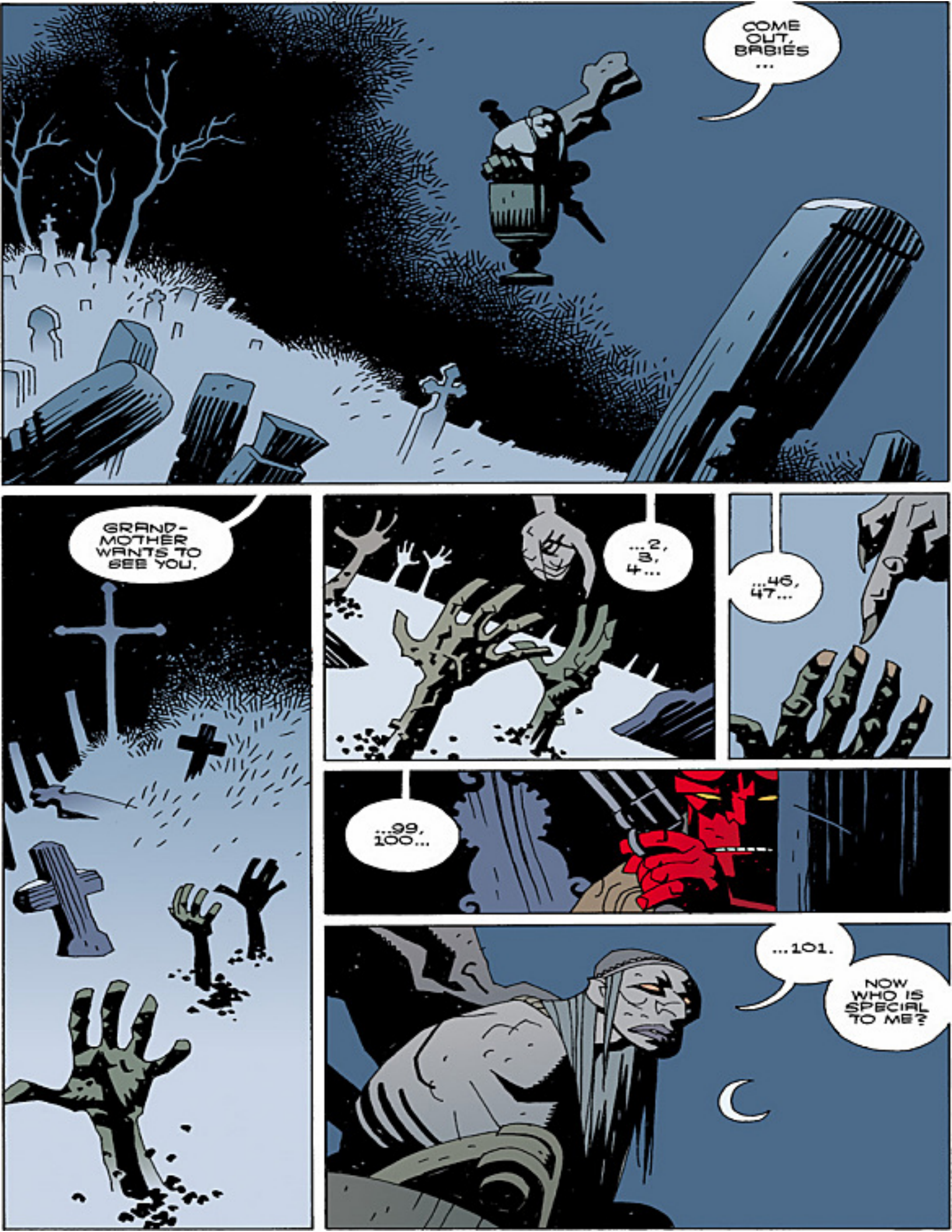
4INK

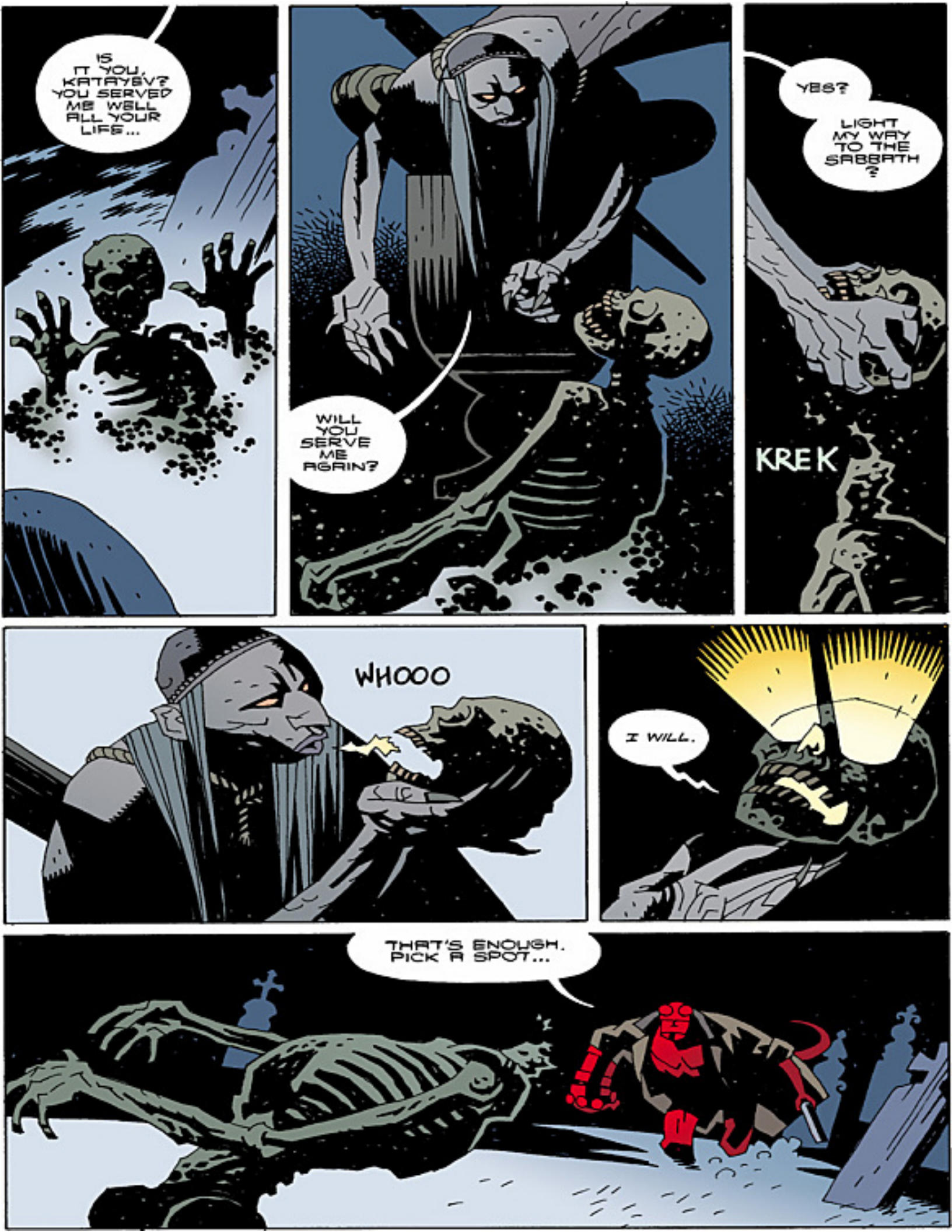

NOW, WOMAN, YOU ARE TRULY MINE!
NO! NO!
STOP!
BOUND TO ME FOR-EVER!
STOP!
STOP...


That's what I saw. I swear that son of a bitch was looking right at me.
Did I learn anything?
I don't know, maybe... Can't say it made my day. Do me a favor, let's keep this between us for now, all right? Okay.
On a lighter note, I hear there have been new sightings of the West Virginia Moth-Man. That might be something to look into for a while. I'd dearly love to see a Moth-Man.
TAKE CARE,
HB
BACK AT BUREAU HEADQUARTERS...
ZZZZ
ABRAHAM SAPIEN DREAMS OF FISH.
THE END

YOU'RE SURE SHE'LL BE HERE?
EACH YEAR ON THIS NIGHT THE BABA YAGA COMES TO CALL UP DEAD SINNERS AND COUNT THEIR FINGERS.
The Baba Yaga
WHY DOES SHE COUNT FINGERS?
WHY?
I KNEW A MAN ONCE--HE LIVED IN A HOUSE NEAR THE WOODS, AND EACH NIGHT THE BABA YAGA WOULD FLY INTO HIS KITCHEN TO COUNT HIS SPOONS...
THE MAN WOULD HIDE IN A CLOSET AND BITE A RAG TO KEEP FROM SCREAMING.
?
IT TELLS YOU SOMETHING. SHE HAS CURIOUS HABITS.
IT'S NOT FOR YOU AND I TO UNDERSTAND.
YEAH, WELL... NOT FOR LONG.
COME BACK TO THE VILLAGE WITH ME NOW--
I'VE HEARD TOO MANY STORIES HERE ABOUT STOLEN CHILDREN, AND I'VE SEEN BONES...
...LITTLE TINY BONES.


THAT'S THE WAY IT IS HERE, THE WAY IT'S BEEN FOR MORE YEARS THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE.
YOU CAN'T CHANGE THINGS--
I CAN.
COME BACK TO THE VILLAGE WITH ME...
HURRY.
CAN'T.
THEN GOD AND HIS ANGELS PROTECT YOU.
I HOPE SO.
A CEMETERY NEAR BEREZNIK, RUSSIA. 1964.

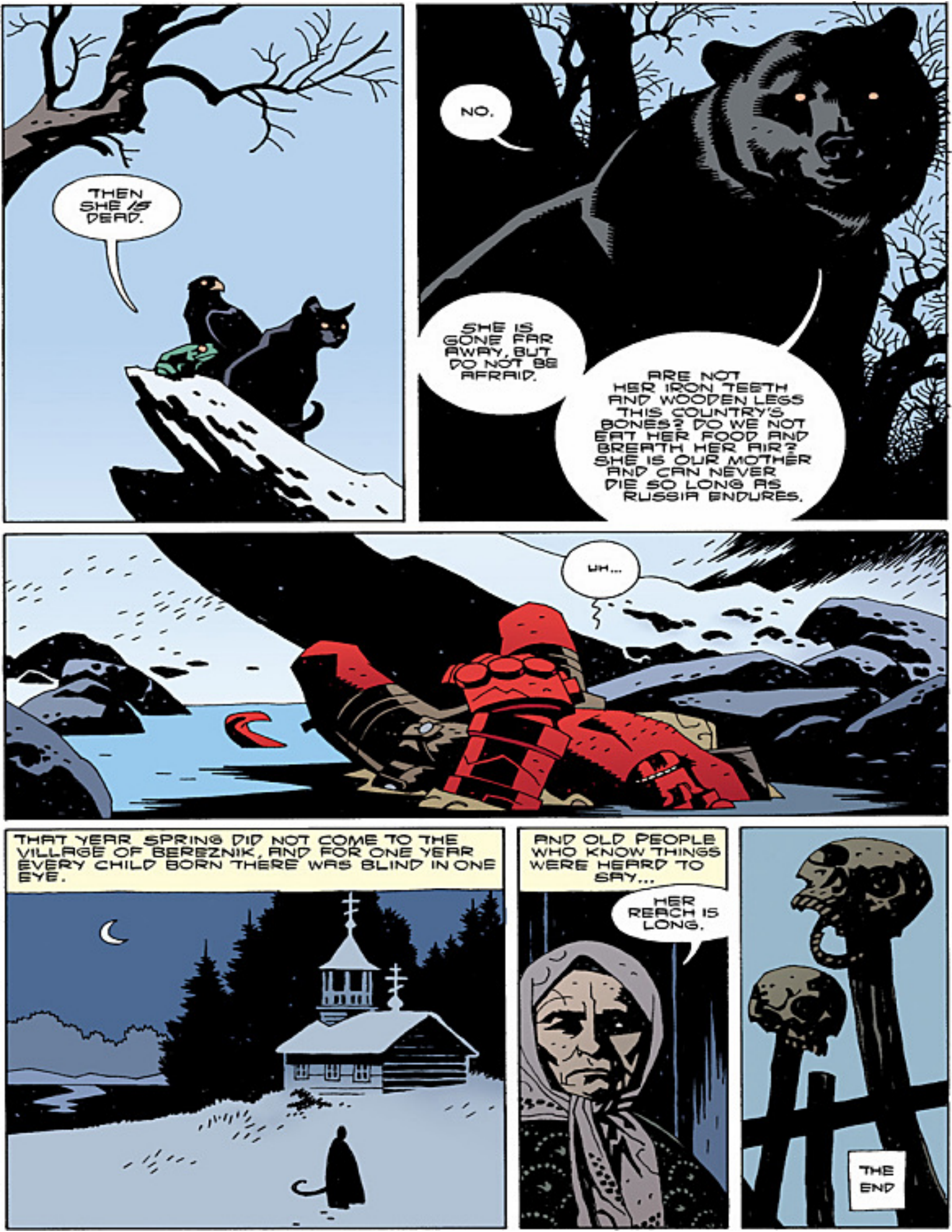

COME OUT, BABIES ...
GRAND-MOTHER WANTS TO SEE YOU.
...2, 3, 4...
...46, 47...
...99, 100...
...101.
NOW WHO IS SPECIAL TO ME?


IS IT YOU, KATAYSV? YOU SERVED ME WELL ALL YOUR LIFE...
WILL YOU SERVE ME AGAIN?
YES?
LIGHT MY WAY TO THE SABBATH?
KREK
WHOOO
I WILL.
THAT'S ENOUGH. PICK A SPOT...

...CAUSE I'M GONNA PLANT YOU RIGHT HERE, YOU HORRIBLE THING!
HOW DARE YOU!?
SHUT UP!
BOOM
INSOLENT DEVIL!
CANNIBAL!
BAH!
BLAM

AH!
OOF
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, BOY?
WHAT...
"...HAVE...
"...YOU...

"...DONE?"
THE BABA YAGA IS DEAD.
WHAT?
I FLEW PAST THE PLACE WHERE HER CHICKEN-LEG HOUSE HAS STOOD. TODAY IT'S GONE. IN ITS PLACE IS LEFT ONLY A FENCE OF OLD SKULLS...
...AND A POOL OF BLOOD.
BUT SHE CANNOT BE DEAD.
SHE IS.
IN THE WOODS TODAY I FOUND A WOODEN BOWL AND A BROKEN STAFF, AND THERE ALSO WAS THE STAIN OF HER BLOOD.


THEN SHE IS DEAD.
NO.
SHE IS GONE FAR AWAY, BUT DO NOT BE AFRAID.
ARE NOT HER IRON TEETH AND WOODEN LEGS THIS COUNTRY'S BONES? DO WE NOT EAT HER FOOD AND BREATH HER AIR? SHE IS OUR MOTHER AND CAN NEVER DIE SO LONG AS RUSSIA ENDURES.
UH...
THAT YEAR SPRING DID NOT COME TO THE VILLAGE OF BEREZNIK, AND FOR ONE YEAR EVERY CHILD BORN THERE WAS BLIND IN ONE EYE.
AND OLD PEOPLE WHO KNOW THINGS WERE HEARD TO SAY...
HER REACH IS LONG.
THE END